VVhy COLATINE, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds helpe wounds, or griefe helpe greeuous deeds?
Is it reuenge to giue thy ſelfe a blow,
For his fowle Act, by whom thy faire wife bleeds?
Such childiſh humor from weake minds proceeds,
Thy wretched wife miſtooke the matter ſo,
To ſlaie her ſelfe that ſhould haue ſlaine her Foe.

Couragious Romaine, do not ſteepe thy hart
In ſuch relenting dew of Lamentations,
But kneele with me and helpe to beare thy part,
To rowſe our Romaine Gods with inuocations,
That they will ſuffer theſe abhominations.
(Since Rome her ſelf in thē doth ſtand diſgraced,)
By our ſtrong arms frō forth her fair ſtreets chaced.

Now by the Capitoll that we adore,
And by this chaſt bloud ſo vniuſtlie ſtained,
By heauens faire ſun that breeds the fat earths ſtore,
By all our countrey rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaſt LVCRECE ſoule that late complained
Her wrongs to vs, and by this bloudie knife,
VVe will reuenge the death of this true wife.

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